

AFTER RESOLVING THAT "SHOP TALK" WAS BARRED, THE YANKEE CONSUL AND HIS SATELLITES MADE MERRY AS GUESTS OF ROBYN AND BLOSSOM.

Actors and Actresses Who Interpret the Work of Two St. Louis Authors "Ramble" Into the Wilds of Glen Echo, Where the Frolic Lasted Until Father Time Announced That the Period of Fun for Fun's Sake Was Ended.



RAMBLING



H.F. THORP



ALFRED G. ROBYN, HENRY M. BLOSSOM, JR., FLORA ZABELLE, BESSIE DUNNE AND OTHER MEMBERS OF "THE YANKEE CONSUL'S" DIPLOMATIC CORPS POSING ON THE NORTH BALCONY.



"THE YANKEE CONSUL" AND HIS ASSOCIATE STATESMEN AND STATESWOMEN — "LOOKING PLEASANT."

Well, didn't they ramble, ramble? They rambled all around, in and about the ground. Didn't they ramble? They rambled: They rambled till old "Hitchey" called "enough." —Song of "The Yankee Consul" and his diplomatic corps.

It was the author's treat. The guests were Raymond Hitchcock and the other players who portray the characters in the Robyn-Blossom opera, "The Yankee Consul," every night, Sunday included. It was at the Glen Echo club where the festivities took place and the time was last Thursday afternoon.

It was one of the worst days that mortal man ever witnessed, too. There was no sun; the air was cold and raw, and rain fell in large drops.

It was one of those days that bring with it the blues, and the sunshine proclivities of "The Yankee Consul" and his cohorts were taxed to capacity.

The rehearsal was finished and it was the noon hour. Some of the members of the company talked about lunch, but Raymond Hitchcock raised a warning hand.

"Why this talk of lunch? Here's where you forget it. We are going to enjoy a feast of reason and of song. The sandwiches afterward."

Then the players started for Union Station. The special car on the Wabash was waiting, and the fifty thespians, transported in an hour from the tropical scenes of Santo Domingo, began to make the air resound with their joyful notes.

"What's the keynote?" asked Jack Hazard.

"RAMBLE!" TO GLE NECHO.

"We're rambling," said Jim Templeton.

"Rambling, rambling," echoed the others. "Let's sing it!"

Templeton started the song. The others listened.

Old Beebe had three full-grown sons, Buster, John and Ber. But Buster was the blacksheep of the Beebe family. They tried to break him of his rough and untidy ways, but he wouldn't give him ninety days.

"Great, great," yelled the thespians. "Now, all for the chorus."

Well, didn't he ramble, ramble. He rambled all around, in and about the town. Didn't he ramble, ramble? He rambled till the butcher cut him down.

"What's the next verse?" asked some one.

"It's a St. Patrick's Day episode," said Templeton.

"Sing it," said the chorus, in a commanding tone.

He rambled to an Irish wake one St. Patrick's night. They asked him what he'd have to drink; they meant to treat him right. But like all the old Kilkenny cats, their backs began to arch.

When he asked for orange phosphate on the 17th of March.

"Who wrote that song?" asked Ernie Amour.

"I think Robyn did," said Hitchcock.

"Not guilty," said Robyn, who was holding three hands in the back part of the couch.

"Is the next stanza as bad as the first two?" asked Harry Farleigh.

"I'll let you judge," said Templeton.

"Sing it, Templeton," said Hubert Wilke, Captain of the Dominican Army; "I won't let you hurt you."

"This is about something to eat," said Templeton.

ALL WERE HUNGRY.

"Good! Good!" ejaculated the members of the Mosquito sextet, who hadn't eaten since breakfast.

"This is about Buster, the same fellow, you know," said Templeton.

"Three cheers for Buster," said the crowd.

"Go on, McDuff!"

He rambled to a restaurant, his appetite was about.

But when he refused to pay his bill the landlord kicked him out.

He reached to hit him with a brick, and as he went to sleep.

The landlord kicked him in the pants and made him jump the hop.

Didn't he ramble, ramble, etc.

"I once went into a restaurant and couldn't pay the bill," said Harry Farleigh. "I don't like the price."

"Well, you ate first, didn't you?" asked Henry Blossom, encouragingly.

"The journey to Glen Echo was thus characterized. Singing and joking, without fear of waking up the next morning and reading the virulent notice of the dissolving firm, the players of "The Yankee Consul," on their first real lark of the season, placed no restraint on their joyful proceedings.

And what an assortment of humanity it was! There was Henry Blossom, bubbling over with good feeling; Freddie Robyn, jubilant because St. Louis had proved that a prophet is not without honor, even in his own land; Raymond Hitchcock, ever serene, while on tour, enjoying the scenery and looking at the World's Fair buildings with the aid of some one's opera-glass; demure Flora Zabelle, who maintained the pose of a hard-working girl on a summer vacation; Jack Hazard, poet, prose writer, actor and dramatist, looking for a congenial spirit to whom he could unfold his tale of woe, the tale of "The Manuscript Respectfully Declined"; Teddy Torton, the fattest mosquito in fictitious Santo Domingo, who could justly be called the pest of the party; Bessie Dunne, the youngest member in the flock, who had joined the show with her parents' consent; James Templeton, who says all the world's a comic opera and the women in it merely puffers; Little Eva, whose first season dreams place her in stellar roles, and Ernest Amour, whose stage career began on the coal-oil circuit in far-away Canada.

SHOP TALK BARRED.

They were all there, and when the party finally arrived at Glen Echo all animal life knew it.

Crossing the rustic bridge, Basil Mills

There was an encore for every number, even Hy Blossom's song (and Hy knows that he can't sing), and the atmosphere that pervaded the clubhouse put the company in the humor to enjoy everything.

WHO STOLE MY GIRL?

There was variance in the programme. There was comedy and tragedy. The comedy was real; the tragedy was of the brand that made Amour's name a household word on the coal-oil circuit in Manitoba.

"Some one has stolen my girl," said Templeton.

"Which one?" asked Henry Miller.

"I forget," said Templeton. "It was the last one."

"I had one in the mood to look for victims when she was spirited away by some designing villain," said Frank Ranney.

Duels were planned to order, challenges were quickly accepted, and the manner of fighting was uniform—swords at twenty paces. The date of meeting, any old

time.

And so sped the afternoon. Real life was enjoyed in a comic opera atmosphere, and the players at the Glen Echo fifty of them crowded enough fun into three hours to clearly outclass in forty ways all past records.

It was hard to say what distinctive feature of the Robyn-Blossom reception will be best remembered. Maybe it will be the Glen Echo banquet, for the boys and girls had not eaten since early morning, and their appetites were ravenous; maybe it was the refreshment booth, the rule of which certain members of the company said, followed clearly their idea of heaven—all orders promptly filled without the necessity of tab or coin of the realm.

Maybe it was the waltz and the two-step, which the girls enjoyed; maybe it was Farleigh's singing of the old songs; maybe it was Hitchcock's parodies; maybe it was Robyn's ragtime manipulation of the furies.

Who knows? The guests of Robyn and

Blossom do not. They know that it was a glorious reception.

Perhaps the sentiment of the play was best expressed on the call board of the Century. It ran:

"What is our idea of the Promised Land?"

"The Glen Echo Club."

"Who is the Moses of the Glen Echo Club?"

"Freddie Robyn."

"Is there another Moses at the Glen Echo Club?"

"We should hope to surmise."

"And who is the 'nother Moses'?"

"Hy Blossom."

"And why is Freddie Robyn and Blossom the Moseses of the Glen Echo Club?"

"Because they tapped the rock made sweet liquids flow."

"Who is all right?"

"Robyn-Blossom."

"Did we have a bully time?"

"Great! I!"

"THE COMPANY"

MR. AND MRS. FREDERICK NIETERT CELEBRATE GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY



MRS. MINNIE NIETERT.

Who celebrated the golden anniversary of their wedding last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Nietert of Madison County celebrated the golden anniversary of their wedding at their country place, near Edwardsville, last week. Doctor Herman L. Nietert, formerly Superintendent of the St. Louis City Hospital, his



FREDERIC G. NIETERT.

wife and Miss Adele Ziegenhein were among the guests.

The couple are natives of Germany. They met in Germany and were married in St. Louis in 1854, coming to Madison County the following year.

MEDICINAL EARTH IS SAID TO PROLONG LIFE.

Analysis Shows a Small Per Cent of Silicate of Aluminum, Purest of Minerals.

REPUBLICAN SPECIAL.

Pueblo, Colo., Jan. 23.—H. H. Bourne, the discoverer of a new medicinal clay, the news of which was heralded over the country, says he expects to live to be 200 years old. An analysis of the material has been made, and it shows a small per cent of silicate of aluminum. This, Mr. Bourne says, is what gives it the curative properties. It is claimed that no mineral known to scientists is purer than this. It is nine times finer than the finest starch.

It is said to be the purest mineral to be found, with the exception of diamonds.

J. Pierpont Morgan has a piece of the silicate of aluminum about the size of the end of a small finger, which is worth more than \$3,000, according to statements made by chemists.

Mr. Bourne states that he can drink four gallons of water now without any discomfort after using the new material as a medicine, and that his strength has increased as well as his strength, and though he is 66 years old, he feels better than when he was 40. He claims that he can cure with this clay any case of typhoid fever or diseases of that kind within an hour.

MORE MAD DOGS NOW THAN IN SUMMERTIME.

Never in Extremely Hot Days Has New York Hospital Treated So Many Victims of Attack.

New York, Jan. 23.—Never in the hottest days of August have there been so many dog bite cases in Harlem as in the last three weeks. There have been thirty-six cases of such injuries treated, and some of them are serious.

Physicians at the hospital declare that the extreme cold of the last month is accountable for the savageness of the dogs. Lack of food and difficulty of obtaining food when even refuse is frozen hard as iron has driven the stray dogs to a condition of vicious irritability similar to that produced by the heat of midsummer, they say.

Several of the more dangerously injured are still in the hospital. Those suffering from minor hurts have gone away after treatment and cannot be traced, though it is feared that the epidemic of biting may indicate greater danger of hydrophobia to the victims, with a single exception, are men.

Milford Edwards, 27 years old, of No. 245 East One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, was attacked in front of his home. Two fingers of his left hand were torn so that amputation was necessary.

While on duty, Maguire, 31 years old, was working in front of his home, No. 211 East One Hundred and Fourteenth street, a wandering dog hit a piece out of his eye.

Paul McCormack, 4 years old, of No. 1212 Third avenue, going to a neighboring tea store, was bitten on the lip.

RHEUMATISM WRECKS THE NERVES AND UNDERMINES THE HEALTH

Rheumatism is not only the most painful, but oftentimes the most formidable and dangerous of all diseases. The constitution gives way, nerves are wrecked, health undermined and life made a misery and torture by the terrible pains and aches. Rheumatism is enough, even in its lightest form; but when it becomes chronic and the muscles and sinews grow hard and stiff and the joints immovable and fixed, it shows what the disease can do and the far-reaching effects of this most terrible of all human maladies. Rheumatism caused by uric, lactic and other acid particles in the blood, and every muscle, joint, fibre that these acid poisons touch become inflamed and sore, tender and painful. The acids cause fermentation in the blood, rendering it sour and unfit for the proper nourishment of the body. The nervous system breaks down for lack of rich, pure blood; the skin becomes red, swollen, feverish and puffy; the disease is aggravated and the pain intensified by every movement of muscle or joint, and there is no rest or ease for the almost frantic sufferer as long as the blood remains in this abnormal and unnatural condition. When Rheumatism is in the blood and system you may expect all sorts of complications. The heart-muscles often are affected, causing irregularity and weakness of this vital organ. The liver and kidneys act slowly, the stomach, digestion and appetite fail, all because of a too acid, sour and unhealthy blood. Exposure to cold and wet, night air, damp, foggy weather and chilly east winds, make Rheumatism worse and are exciting causes, but the real source of the disease is in the blood. Arteries and veins are fired with the poisonous acids, and exposure is the match that sets the whole circulation aflame and brings out all the distressing symptoms of Rheumatism.

Home remedies, such as liniments, blisters and plasters, have a place in the treatment of Rheumatism in certain stages. When properly applied they relieve temporarily pain and redness, the inflammation and swelling; but you can never reach the real seat of the disease from without; the cure must come from within, and it requires a remedy that can bring the blood back to its original purity, that can relieve the circulation of irritating acids and stimulate the sluggish organs and all parts of the system before permanent cure of Rheumatism is effected. S. S. S. acts as a purifier of the blood, toning the nervous system; it neutralizes and filters out of the blood the acids and poisons, restores it to a pure and healthy state, and arouses all the bodily organs to better action and the waste and refuse that has been collecting in the system is promptly carried through the natural channels; and the cause of Rheumatism being removed, the pains and aches stop.

S. S. S. contains no mercury, potash, opium, or other harmful drugs, but is a guaranteed strictly vegetable compound. Where the nerves have been wrecked and the health undermined, S. S. S. will be found an ideal remedy, as it enriches and invigorates the acid blood, and at the same time builds up the debilitated system. Until the blood has been thoroughly cleansed and purified there is no permanent relief from the torture of Rheumatism. Write for our special book on Rheumatism, containing much information which every sufferer will find interesting and useful. If in need of medical advice, physicians will gladly furnish it without charge.

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